

# THE REHEARSAL.

1. A new *Farce* begun.
2. The *Review* begins to *Bully*.
3. The *Experiment* Intended for a *Part of a Register*.
4. The *Review* begins a *Dialogue* with the *Rehearsal*.
5. The *Review* owns himself *Author* of the *Experiment*. His *Proof* that it was not *Re-Printed*.
6. That Mr. *Skey* wou'd tell the *Names* he wou'dn't tell.
7. That the *Affidavits* &c. at Mr. *Skey's* were not *Forg'd*.
8. Nor the *Letters of Orders* from the *Bishop* of *Chester*.
9. The *Rehearsal* yields the *Victory* to the *Review*.
10. The *Country-man* Vapours.

WEDNESDAY, March 2. 1708.

(1.) *Rehearsal*. **Y**OU must be gone, *Country-man*. Here's the *Review* come to make me a Visit. And he may be shy to talk before you.

*Country-man*. Then, *Master*, let me slink into a Corner. And I'll only talk to my self. Unless he comes to *Beat* you, and then I will shew my *Oaken-Towel*.

*Rehearsal*. He'll say, That is foul Play, to have a *Second* hid in a Corner. But he comes Alone. So there's no Danger.

[*Country-man* goes aside.]

(2.) (Enter) *Review* (with Hat Cock'd) Sr. I thought the Chastisement I gave you, in mine of the 3d last Month, Vol. 5. N. 134. p: 535. wou'd have stop't your Mouth. For I there told you, That I My Self wou'd have given you *Personal Correction* before this time, for your *Scurrilous usage* of me, had not your Cloth Protected you.

*Rehearsal*. No, Sr. it Protected you— For you have had far the better of me as to *Scurrilous Usage*. And you gave me fair Warning in your *Preface* to your *New Test* of the *Church of England's Honesty*, where you give caution not to Pinch an *Adversary* too close in an *Argument*, because where the *Tongue* fails, the *Hands* go to work. But he that's afraid of a F—t will never endure a *Gunn*. Therefore let me know, whether you come to Employ your *Hands* or your *Tongue*.

(3.) *Rev*. My *Tongue* shall serve for this Time. For I have not done with it yet. I have made an *Experiment* of it once more in mine of the 19. last Month, Vol. 5. N. 141. Wherein I think I have Absolutely

*Clinch'd* the Matter, as to my *Book* call'd the *Experiment*, wherein you seem'd to *Triumph* over me. But it was the best *Book* ever I wrote; and intended to do most Service. And had done it, but for that *Pernicious Answer* came out to it. Who wou'd have thought that *High-Church* cou'd have been at so much Pains! But this is not only my *Book*, but the *Book* of the *Party*, and set out as a *Party-Book*, and wherein our whole *Strength* is summ'd up; and has cost us no little Pains; Therefore we intend not to lose it, but (whatever Fate it has now) to Transmit it to *Posterity*, where it may have good Effect (when the *Answer* will be Dead and Rotten) and serve as *A part of a Register*, our *Precious Book* so call'd, and still Preserv'd among us, of the like *Pretty things* in the time of *Queen Elizabeth*, and which *Calamy* at the end of the *Preface* to his *Abridgment of Baxter's Life*, sets at the Front of the *Books* he recommends in Defence of the *Honest Puritans* then, and our pious *Dissenters* now.

(4.) I have Recev'd some *Rebukes* from our Friends, for suffering you to Expose this our *Experiment* as you have done. But you are Witness for me, That I cou'dn't help it, and that I did my Best! I Threatn'd both with *Tongue* and *Hands*, and if that wou'd not do, it was your Fault.— But now I have got a *Topick* whereby to Defend this *Book*, which I believe you never thought of. And I promise for it, That it will stand *Proof* against all you have to say to the End of the World! I have set it down at large in that same *Review* I nam'd, Num. 141. And I am come now to Discourse it over with you, by way of *Dialogue*, That

I may have the Pleasure to see you Overcome before my Face! Therefore now put what Objection you can against the Experiment, and you shall see I'll Answer it off hand out of this Review, which I thus spread open before you upon the Table.

(5.) *Rehears.* The first thing I would know is, whether you own your self the Author or Putter-together of this Book of the Experiment!

*Rev.* You see I own it here, p. 564. and say, I see no Reason to be ashamed to own it?

*Reb.* Why then did you Re-Print it under another Title, if you were not Ashamed of it?

*Rev.* That's Answer'd in the very next Sentence, where I say, This Author (that is, you, Sir,) Belyes himself about it (the Experiment) every Day. He says now it is Re-Printed word for word, it is but a little while ago, he said in Print, we had bought them all up, being Ashamed they should be seen.

*Reb.* That is, it was not to be had under the first Title it bore, viz. The Experiment. For I'm sure I sent to several Booksellers, and they said it was not to be had. And at the End of Mine of the 12th last Month, Num. 36. I told you the Accident by which I came to know it was Re-Printed under another Title. I set down the New Title at large, that there might be no Mistake, and by whom the Book was Printed and Sold. And while this was Fresh before your Eyes, you wrote this Review of the 19th, but Seven Days after, and Deny not one Word of the Fact that I told, but say I Belye my self every Day! And says, p. 562. I firmly believe every Title Affirm'd (in the Experiment) to be True.

*Rev.* And isn't that Enough! For surely he that Belyes himself every Day, is not to be Believ'd! And if I firmly Believe, &c.

*Reb.* Do you yet Object any thing against the Fact that I have told?

*Rev.* Have I not Disprov'd it already? I say, You Belye your self every Day. And I believe every Title in the Experiment.

*Reb.* And is this all the Answer you will give?

*Rev.* Till it be Disprov'd—I say, you Belye your self every Day.

(6.) *Reb.* But what say you to my sending to Mr. Skey in Thames Street, as you had Directed me to know the Names of your Informers about the Experiment, and you said he would tell them all, for that you had their Leave, and they were not Ashamed of it. But Mr. Skey would not tell one of their Names, nor own that he was one of them.

*Rev.* Don't I say in this same Review here lying before Us, here it is, p. 562.

Col. 2. That all the Vouchers, Affidavits, &c. are at Mr. Skey's? And p. 564. Col. 2. I say to you, That you own I directed you to Mr. SKEY, for the Names of those Concern'd in the EXPERIMENT?

*Reb.* But Mr. Skey wouldn't tell one of their Names.

*Rev.* But didn't I direct you to Mr. Skey?

*Reb.* Yes, I own it, But didn't you hear me, when I said he would tell none of their Names?

*Rev.* But didn't I direct you to Mr. Skey?

*Reb.* This makes against you, since he would not tell.

*Rev.* But didn't I direct you to Mr. Skey?

(7.) *Reb.* What say you then to the Affidavits, Letters of Orders, &c. which the Answer to the Experiment shews plainly were Forg'd?

*Rev.* I say they are at Mr. Skey's.

*Reb.* Do's that shew they were not Forg'd?

*Rev.* They are at Mr. Skey's. And they were Receiv'd by the Court.

*Reb.* The Court receives any Affidavits. Do's that shew they were True?

*Rev.* The Court did Receive them.

*Reb.* But did that hinder the Detection of them afterwards?

*Rev.* The Court did Receive them. You may go to Law if you will.

*Reb.* I gave you very good Reasons why it was not Worth while.

*Rev.* I say, Go to Law.

(8.) *Reb.* The Bishop of Chester gave Certificates that he never did Ordain Abraham Gill, and caus'd them to be Inserted in several Gazettes. And his Certificate is Uncontestable at Law in this Case. So that we need not go to Law to know the Truth of this.

*Rev.* I say, Go to Law.

(9.) *Reb.* I confess your new Topick of Argument has Overcome me! It is Un-Answerable to the End of the World! And far Exceeds all that could ever have come into my Dull Pate! And I believe no man will henceforth be Fond of Entering the Lists, with you in Argument!

(10.) *Country-man* (aside) This is a Gandy Day with my Master— He has so Mumb'd the Review, that he'll hardly ever shew his Face again? If I had Worn my Oaken Towel to the Stumps upon him, it would not have Mortify'd him half so much! For you have told every word of the Answers he gives. And how Ridiculous do they Look, out of his Furbuloes.